

# The Metropolis Of Southern Peru

A Look at Arequipa Which Will Be a Tourist Resort When the Canal is Completed.

**Trade in Wool and Mining Machinery—A Town of One-Story Houses, Where the Stores Look Like Caves—The New Market and the Wonderful Products of the Chile River Valley—Harvard Observatory, on the Slope of Mount Misti, and the Meteorological Station on the Edge of Its Crater—Will the Observatory Be Moved?—What It Has Done for the World—Up the Andes from the Port of Mollendo.**

AREQUIPA, Peru.—I am in the metropolis of southern Peru. It is the city of Arequipa, situated 100 miles back of the Pacific ocean, and perhaps 1,600 miles south of the Panama Canal. The town is built in an oasis, made by the Chile river in the arid Andes of this Pacific coast desert. It is surrounded by ragged dry mountains, but bedded in a valley of perpetual green. The city is a mile and a half higher than Philadelphia, Boston, or Baltimore. It is about 7,500 feet above the sea, and some of the mountains about it are four miles in height. Just behind it is the great volcano, Mount Misti, which has a crater a half mile in diameter, and on the top of which Harvard College has established a sort of an automatic meteorological station which is more than three miles above Mount Weather, Virginia. To the left of the Misti is Chachacani, over 20,000 feet high, and there are other Andean giants behind.

Indeed, there is no more beautifully located city anywhere in South America, and you will go far before you find one which is so fresh, so bright and so quaint. The houses of Arequipa look as though they had just come out of a bandbox. The most of them are of only one story. Their walls stand close to the street and these walls are of all colors of the rainbow. I bought my postage stamps today in a building that was the color of ashes of roses. I ate my breakfast in a restaurant painted sky blue, and next door was a house of rose pink. This morning I visited the new market of Arequipa. It consists of great walls of Spanish architecture surrounding a court roofed by the sun. The front of the market is as yellow as gold, and its inside as blue as the Andean skies that form a part of its roof. The surrounding buildings are of the same bright colors, and the whole seems to fit in with the gorgeous air of southern Peru.

But come with me into the market. This will show us something of why the city of Arequipa has been built where it is. The wares all come from the valley of the Chile river, in which the city is situated. This valley has something like fifty square miles of cultivated land. It is a great oasis in the heart of the Andes desert, and that on the road that leads from the sea to the mountains. The oasis makes Arequipa a great agricultural and fruit center, and also one for the raising of grain, alfalfa and cattle and sheep. As you go through the market you see everywhere evidences of the fertility of the soil and the wonderful climate. Nearly every fruit that can be raised in the United States is sold here. There are apricots, peaches, apples and plums and strawberries as big as walnuts. There are oranges and lemons, bananas and figs and bushels of paltas or alligator pears. There are green watermelons as big around as the waist of your sweetheart, some of which have as red a flesh as any that ever made a darkey's mouth water, and others with a flesh as yellow as gold, although the seeds are jet black.

In the vegetable quarters you find fully as great a variety. You people at home are now in the heart of midwinter, but here on the other side of the line it is summer, and they are selling new potatoes and green corn. They have bright red tomatoes, white cauliflowers and great quantities of cabbage. They have also the yuca, sweet potatoes and yams. Peru is the home of the potato, and I understand that our department of Agriculture has recently sent men here to get new varieties.

The valley in which Arequipa is situated raises great quantities of very fine barley. It has fields of alfalfa and pastures upon which are fed cattle and sheep. The city is the chief wool market of Peru. It imports vast quantities of alpaca and sheep's wool from Bolivia and the Peruvian plateau and ships it to Europe and the United States. These shipments amount to more than ten million pounds weight every year, and they have a value perhaps of two and a half million dollars. The leading exporting houses of the city have their agents in all parts of the Andean plateau, and the wool is bought from the Indians and haciendas and sent to

Lake Titicaca, from where it comes over the railroad to Arequipa. Some of it is consumed in the woolen mills here, but the majority of the product is sent abroad. Nearly all of the vicuña and alpaca wool passes through Arequipa.

Returning to the city itself, Arequipa is quite a manufacturing center. It makes harness and saddlery, boots and shoes, and it has large cotton mills. It has also the railroad shops of the Southern railroad of Peru, which makes this place its headquarters. There are about 500 men employed there; they are now making their own passenger and freight cars, as well as all the repairs for the rolling stock.

The town also manufactures chocolate. It has a flour mill and it does a great deal of exporting and importing, being the center of trade for southern Peru and also for a great part of Bolivia. The Southern railway is the chief gateway to La Paz, and it will always compete with the other roads that go to and from Bolivia and the seacoast. It is on this account that Arequipa will probably be improved by the Panama canal. The city is 100 miles from Mollendo, the chief port of the south for this part of the world. The landing is poor, however. The ships have to anchor far out from the shore and the swell is worse than that of Jaffa, which tossed Jonah's ship so that the sailors threw him out to the whale. The Mollendo landing is often so rough that passengers have to be taken up by steam cranes from the boats that bring them to the port from the steamer, and goods have to be put on and off of the launches by cranes. The ocean was tamer than usual when I came into port, but my boat went up and down eight or ten feet, and I had to make a flying leap, when it was on the up grade, to get to the steps that led to the custom house.

When I visited Arequipa in 1898 it was lighted by coal oil, and I do not remember that it had a car line. It has now an electric light plant from turbines run by water power and also an excellent system of tramways, which it is extending out into the country. It is well equipped as to telephones, both local and long distance, and the telephone companies will accept long-distance messages at telegraph rates, which are only 16 cents for ten words. For 32 cents you may talk for five minutes between Arequipa and Mollendo, a distance of more than 100 miles. I venture the rate is less than one-half that of the United States.

With the completion of the canal Arequipa will become a tourist resort. It is a place for breaking the journey on the long ride up the Andes mountains from the ocean to Lake Titicaca and Cuzco, and it ought to have good hotels. The best of those it has now is kept by an Italian named Morosini, who quarters his guests on one side of the plaza and feeds them on the other side in a long, low, cave-like vault, which is known as the comedor, or dining room. The food is good and the bedrooms are large, but there are no modern improvements and the sanitary arrangements are poor.

From a sightseeing point I find Arequipa quite as interesting as Lima. It has a great cathedral, built of white stone, which must cover an acre or so of space. This faces on the plaza, filling the whole of one side of the square. The three other sides are occupied by stores, more quaint than any in Europe. The buildings are of only one story, and in front of them extend wide portales or corridors with huge columns separating them from the plaza. On the other side of the corridors is a wall of cave-like vaults, lighted only from the front and the roof. The stores are fifteen or twenty feet wide and twenty or thirty or more feet deep, and their ceilings are arched, so that the whole looks like one long vault. The goods are hung from the ceiling and piled up on the floors. The market seems to be a good one, and I saw many American articles.

Nearly all the houses of Arequipa have vaulted roofs and on some of the one-story structures the roofs extend a pin oval domes or hoods. The city is under the shadow of the volcano Mount Misti and in the past has had serious earthquakes. For this reason the skyscraper will never be known, and today a five-story building would be the talk of the town.

The city is one of the oldest towns in America and it dates back almost to the days of Pizarro. It is a place of old families, and of considerable culture. It is an ecclesiastical and political center. It has a university and several colleges, and also a school of arts and an agricultural institute. Moreover, it boasts of having the finest

hospital in all South America and that although its climate is one of the finest on earth.

In fact I doubt whether you will find many places that have finer weather all the year around than Arequipa. The sky is almost always blue, and the sun almost always shines. At least this has been the case until lately. The people tell me there are more clouds in the sky now than ever before, and I understand that this cloudy condition is so increasing that Harvard University is seriously considering the removal of its observatory from here to some other place.

I doubt not, many of you have heard of the Harvard observatory. It is one of the most noted astronomical stations of the whole world. It is situated on the slope of Mount Misti, 500 feet above Arequipa, at such a place that its telescopes have an unobstructed view of the heavens. The institution has a fine plant, and it is equipped with great telescopes, one of which has a lens two feet in diameter enabling them to take photographs on plates fourteen by seventeen inches in size. The tube of that instrument must weigh a ton, but it is so delicately hung that a child could move it. There are other telescopes for taking the portraits of the stars and for the past two or three decades these scientists of Harvard have been making heavenly records of this southern hemisphere. They have taken as many as fifty a night and thousands a year. The negatives after having been developed are shipped to Cambridge, where they are kept on file for scientific work. There is no such collection anywhere else and astronomers have to go there if they would make certain classes of study.

There is, I am told, nothing duplicated in the sky. Each half of the world has its own stars and constellations, and there are some here that we never see in the north. One of these is the southern cross, but it seems to me that its beauty has been greatly exaggerated. There are only four stars in it and they are so small that you have to look hard to find them. They do not compare with the great dipper. Many of the other stars are far more brilliant than in the north. This is so of the Milky Way and of the most of the planets. I have been on the equator when the path of a planet on the still waters of the ocean was almost as well marked as that of the moon; and in riding at night up the Amazon river the stars were so close it seemed as though I could almost reach out and grasp them. Another reason for moving the Harvard observatory is that its work has resulted in the southern heavens having been pretty thoroughly studied and mapped and that reason for its existence has to some extent passed away.

The story of the establishment of this observatory is interesting. It is now about thirty-five years since Uriah H. Borden died and left \$200,000 to Harvard University, with the understanding that the money was to be used to build an observatory at the best place upon earth for the study of the stars. The college authorities first tried Colorado and California, and then came to South America. Their first work was done back of Lima, at an altitude of about that of Mt. Washington on what is now called Mt. Harvard; but in 1890 they changed their station to Arequipa. The change was made because this place was thought to have more clear days and clear nights than any other locality on earth. Since then the astronomers of the university have been working here right along and that not only at the observatory but at the automatic meteorological station which they have placed on the top of Mt. Misti.

Mount Misti is 19,200 feet high, and this station is said to be the highest of its kind in the world. It is higher than any point in America outside Alaska, and it is fully a mile higher than our observatory on the top of Pikes Peak. The site of the station is on the edge of a huge crater, which until lately has been sending out clouds of yellow sulphurous vapor a thousand feet into the air. These clouds have now stopped and I am told that the volcano has been spitting out water and steam. No one knows what this may portend. The automatic instruments on the mountain are keeping a record of meteorological movements and the scientists visit them at intervals and bring back the results. The machines work with great regularity, but sometimes the mountain is so covered with snow and at other times visited by terrible winds, so that there may now and then be a break. Prof. Bailey, who established the station had great trouble in getting the Indians to help him up the volcano with the instruments, and it took a large number of mules to carry the material. At the top he found an iron cross standing and at this the Indians fell down and worshipped.

I wish I could take you over the trip I made up the Andes from Mollendo to Arequipa. The country is more dreary and wilder in aspect than that above Lima. We rode for miles without seeing a blade of grass or anything green. We passed over great beds of sand, walled with bluffs that had been ground so smooth by the winds that the strata showed forth. We passed traveling sand hills, great crescents or dunes, made by the grains of sand rolling over

the top of the crest and rolled down the inside. Further on the sand had cut in to the rock of the mountains, making great cracks in it like the wrinkles on an old woman's face. All the erosion here comes from the winds. There is no rain whatever and nevertheless the rocks in many places are ground to a powder.

Further on up the railroad the Andes grew wider, and we seemed to have reached the very heart of old Mother Earth. Everything was rock, and there was not a bit of green to be seen. There was no soil. Indeed, it seemed as though the skin of vegetation and life had been peeled from the earth, and that we had our great rocky ball before us as it was before plant life or animal life had sprung into being.

At the same time, the scenery was magnificent. The air is so clear here that you can see for miles, and the clouds painted velvet spots on the hills. Toward evening the sun tinted the mountains with the most delicate blues, pinks, lavenders and mauves, and the whole looked like a mighty picture in colors, instantaneously sketched by the hands of the gods. As we started out we could see the ocean rolling its spray high on the beach, and at the close of our journey the moon was just rising over the snow of the mountains above old Arequipa. The whole formed a panorama such as I have seen nowhere else, and such as I venture can be seen nowhere else in the world.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

## Widows Live Long.

News comes from Knoxville, Tenn., of the death of Parson Brownlow's widow of the age of ninety-five. Few people knew that until so lately there remained this living link with the famous fighting parson of war times, whom Tennessee expelled because of his bold attacks upon secession, but afterward recalled to be its Governor.

Yet how many widows of distinguished men have survived their husbands so long that they have seemed to trail phantoms of history through the living realities of a later generation!

In the town of Charlotte, N. C., Mrs. Stonewall Jackson is still living. It is nearly thirty-eight years since Custer's last fight, yet Mrs. Elizabeth Custer is still alive and well. Mrs. N. P. Willis died only a few years ago in Washington though the literary career of her brilliant husband reached its height long before the Civil War. The widow of Jefferson Davis lived until 1906. General George Pickens' widow survived him full fifty years and died at the ripe age of ninety-seven.

To go further into the world, Frau Costima Wagner still seeks to guard with jealous care the work of the great genius who seems to the youth of this generation as remote as Mendelssohn—who died thirty-six years earlier. Carlotta, former Empress of Mexico, widow of the ill-fated Maximilian, if we are not mistaken, still lives. A little thought could readily extend the list.

Most wonderful of all widows is the pathetic personage whom visitors to the sunny shore of Southern France at this time of year may see any morning—a shrunken figure in black, leaning on a stick amid the palms and roses of her garden—now a faded old woman whose name itself is half a memory, but formerly the idol of a great nation, mistress of a brilliant court, acclaimed in her own country and abroad the most beautiful woman in Europe—the former Empress Eugenie, widow of Napoleon III, who has outlived well-nigh half a century the vanished glories of her husband's reign.—New York World.

## IN THE SUPERIOR COURT

State of North Carolina, Wake County.

### NOTICE.

N. C. Hines and Bertha L. Hines, against Lizzie C. Montgomery, T. C. Montgomery, her husband, Tillie H. Bailey, J. A. Bailey, her husband, Charles J. Parker and S. E. Parker, his wife, and Elizabeth Riggsbee, To Whom it May Concern:

The parties above named and all other persons interested will take notice that on the first day of January, 1914, the above named petitioners filed a petition in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Wake county, to have the title to certain lands therein described registered and confirmed pursuant to Chapter 90 of the Public Laws of 1913, and that summons has been issued, returnable at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Wake county, on the 18th day of April, 1914, said land is situate in the town of Cary, Cary township, in the county of Wake and said State, adjoining the lands of C. J. Parker, and bounded and described as follows:

Beginning at an iron stake on the west side of Academy street, the northeast corner of C. J. Parker's lot, running thence north 3 degrees, 45 min. east with said street 139 feet to an iron stake, thence north 85 degrees 15 minutes west 581 feet to an iron stake, thence south 3 degrees 45 min. west 139 feet to an iron stake, thence south 85 degrees 15 minutes east 581 feet to the point of beginning, an iron stake.

MILLARD MIAL,  
Clerk Superior Court Wake County,  
Clark & Broughton, Attorneys.  
This 20th day of March, 1914.  
law-4w.